Dead End (Oh, the Irony)

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Dead End (Oh, the Irony)

by friendlyhostile

Summary

It was just supposed to be an interview, nothing more. He went at it with a local LEO, driving out an hour and a half to a rustic farm in the middle of the country, prepared for nothing but another dead end. Oh, the irony.

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Or, Will and a local LEO are murdered by a serial killer during an interview, in which Will is buried in a shallow grave, presumed dead, just to be found... undead?

Inspired by https://archiveofourown.org/works/44914147 !
[I will write more I promise! Hannigram murder husbands content will be soon! Maybe...]

Notes

HI I JUST WANNA SAY I AM WRITING CAUGHT ON FILM STILL I JUST!!!! Hannibal has grabbed me by the fucking GROIN and torn out my fucking heart. I have rewatched it 3 times in the past month and a half. I literally cannot get enough of this fucking show oh my god. Anyways! Dont worry guys, Aaron will be abused more <3 I just gotta beat the shit out of Will and Hanni for a minute lmao <3 Love yall!

From the Ground

It was just supposed to be an interview, nothing more. He went at it with a local LEO, driving out an hour and a half to a rustic farm in the middle of the country, prepared for nothing but another dead end. Oh, the irony.

It had all been a blur- the searing pain, the ringing in his ears from gunfire, the shrill sound of the LEO dying, the sound of his own flesh being torn open, his blood sprawling out on the ground until there was none left in him.

His soul seemed to become stuck inside his body, watching from a distance inside himself as his open neck tore more as he was dragged into a shallow grave a couple miles away from the farm house, on the outskirts of the property. The gash that ripped deep into his chest, gutting him up and down, was filled with rich soil, choking him spiritually as he was buried.

He couldn't say he was being buried alive, because he wasn't. He was dead. Massively, absolutely dead. Right? His body was so weak and felt so far away from him, yet he felt his nerves were burning and tasted the dirt in his throat. He was there, but he wasn't. Is this what the afterlife had in store for him? Perpetually trapped was his soul in a lifeless body?

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As soon as they confirmed who the unsub was, Jack cursed loudly. He scrambled to get everyone to go, and quickly, to the residence, explaining that is where Will and a LEO is.

He feared the worst. He always did, especially when it came to Will. He kept pushing him over and over, making him breach the edge just to watch him tumble over from his unsteady feet. He had hoped to catch him in time, but he knew it was unlikely. Images of the gruesome crime scenes flashed in his mind, the bodies replacing themselves with Will’s.

He shook his head as he practically leaped into the car, Beverly, Price, Zeller, and Hannibal all getting in alongside him, and took off down the lonely country road in hopes of finding Will Graham alive.

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They arrived within the hour, their speeding allowing them to skip the 30 extra minutes it typically took. Local authorities sped alongside them, everyone clambering out and taking a collective deep breath as they already saw blood pooling on the front steps.

Hannibal staggered behind the BSU team, attempting to keep his calm on the outside while his insides screamed like he had for his mother- his father- *Mischa* . Beverly held her breath, close behind Jack and Zeller, tears welling in her eyes as they crept closer. Price stayed beside Hannibal, and it was good he did.

It was as if Hell gnawed on the insides of this murder shack they just stepped into. Blood was painted across every wall- arterial sprays from a neck being slashed to the Heavens, and enough of the crimson tears on the floor to puddle and move across the uneven ground. The LEO was plastered against the table, the multiple sharp items he was mauled with attaching him to the surface he laid on. His blood was all displayed beneath him in the spot he died- but everywhere else? At least 5, if not 7 pints of blood etched itself into another section of the house. It wasn't the LEOs blood, that was for sure.

Jack and Zeller swept the house as Beverly instantly kept Hannibal and Price from going inside. "Don't. God, please don't. Don't do this to yourselves." Her voice was broken, tears racing down her face as she pressed both her hands into Hannibal and Jimmy's chests, keeping them away from the steps of the farmhouse.

LEOs poured into the house, and some came right back out, gagging and sobbing at the sight of their fallen comrade. Price let out a broken cry, crashing into Beverly. Hannibal stood in his place, staring at the door behind her. His facade fell slowly, slipping like ice, but it smashed into pieces upon seeing Jack and Zeller.

Jack tried to hold his composure, but he was shaking like a leaf, using all his will power to not let more than one tear slide down his face. Brian, on the other hand, was covering his face, bawling his eyes out as he traveled to his best friends, collapsing into their hug.

Hannibal turned, his last finger grasping his calm and strong persona slipping, and he almost ran to the car he was just in, pressing on it for support as he let out a guttural cry.

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After the group had settled- enough to hold a mild conversation about the events despite tears and needs for breaks-, Jack and Zeller said that no one found his body. There were signs of someone being dragged but- Will Graham was dead. He had lost nearly 7 pints of blood. The group took a shaky breath, nodding at what they meant. They had to find Will. And they had to be prepared for how mangled he would be. And that he would be nothing but dead.

The LEOs were split into groups (all understanding that the FBI agents wanted to stick together if they found their friend's body), everyone taking a quadrant of the farmland. The agents were given a part of the perimeter to thoroughly search, and their trek to said section was a silent one. None of them spoke a word to one another, but none of them needed to. Their grief was loud enough, expressed through sniffles and the occasional sob or curse.

Two hours pass before they find something, the night sky already bleeding over their harrowed states. Zeller yells, "I found a grave!" waving his flashlight to signal where he was. The group bounds over, nearby LEO's joining them as they heard through their communicators. Zeller and a LEO get down and start digging, before he tells the other to stop abruptly.

"What- why?" The LEO was confused, concerned even.

"The ground-" Brian stares at the hole they began to dig in the shallow grave, "-*Its moving*"

The soil shuffled, crinkling torn up roots as *something* began to breach the surface. The collective idea was that it was a rodent of some kind, or a beetle, as they pondered out loud to one another, but all previous attempts to understand were quickly thrown out the window as a bloodied hand grasped its way out of the ground.

Zeller shot backwards with a very loud "WHAT THE FUCK" accompanied with the LEO's wobbling noise of discomfort.

The hand wriggled, clawing at the ground as the grave broke open, displaying a disheveled man covered in blood and grime, paler than the moon in its own light. Deep brown curls

seemed blue, the blood turned black, but as his face turned upwards towards the group- those sharp, cool, ocean blue eyes were brighter than the stars above.

The man pulls himself out of the grave, dry heaving as he choked on attempted breaths, standing up fully despite the injuries pasted across him. His throat hung open as if to display the cage of his words. A large, deep gash was sculpted into his abdomen, cutting through his off-white button up, exposing his uncomfortably slashed innards. His upper left arm was slit, the wound deep and exposing bone, while the one on his left thigh only buried half way through muscle. He peers at them, familiarity caressing his features despite his state.

“Holy fucking shit-” Beverly breaks the deafening shock in the air, “ *Will?* ”

Wispy and scratched is his voice as he responds, “Bev…?”

Zeller and Price panic at his wounds, at the remembrance of all the blood he lost, and the blood he is still losing as they stared at him. “Will- Will oh my god- You’re-” Price babbles, before Zeller interrupts him, “You’re fucking bleeding still holy shit we need to get you to the ambulance.”

Jack and Hannibal are as distraught as everyone else, but they mend to the actions of the group. Everyone ushers Will’s struggling, heavy, and deathly cold form to the ambulance, which meets them half way in the field.

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The EMTs stare at Will’s body in shock. The panicked confusion has spread like an infection. They bring him into the back of the ambulance, hooking the heart monitor to him before-

Beeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeep-

The collective rush to clean Will’s wounds, stitch him up, give him fluids- anything- is brought to an abrupt halt as the flatline pierces the tense air. They all look at him. The man who should be dead, but is instead sitting there, blinking in thought, just as confused as the rest of them.

He has no pulse.

He isn't alive.

He isn't alive.

So why the fuck is he still *breathing*?

One of the EMTs looks over his wounds as the flatline continues in the background, his voice wavering as he speaks, “Do you.. feel any pain?”

Expectant and curious eyes bore into him, “No, no… I don’t… I don’t feel much of anything. I’m just…” His voice fell off, the airy nature of it letting it blend into the light breeze around them.

“What is it?”

“I'm so… ***hungry***.”

The EMT looks around the ambulance quickly, “I might have some chips and water?”

“No.” Will stares through him, the blue in his eyes sinking into a black, “Not for… *that.*” Silence overtakes him, face twisting with a question, “I, uh, don't think I can even eat if I tried. He slit right through my throat. I can feel the air.” As if to demonstrate, he shoves his fingers inside the wound, touching the back of his esophagus.

Jack braved a step forward, judging his own actions before he spoke, “Will, you should go to the hospital, you’re… you’re gravely injured.” He glanced between Will, the EMTs, the LEOs, and his own agents in a desperate attempt to gather support.

“I don't want to go to the hospital.” Will’s near void eyes burned into Jack’s face, his voice turned rough as the dirt he crawled out of, “Besides, what good can they do?” He got up off the edge of the ambulance, taking the heart monitor off.

Will turned around to look at the group, “Did you find him?”

A few shook their heads ‘no’, unable to find words in a situation such as this.

“Well,” He took a second to stretch, his bones cracking and joints snapping back into the places they were torn from earlier, “I might be dead, but God rejected me, and the Devil sent me back to finish what he started.” Will scanned the small crowd as he continued, “I’m going to finish his design, and you’ll have to kill me again and dig a better grave if you think you’re going to stop me.”

He promptly walked away, eyes lingering on Hannibal’s for a second longer than anyone else’s, B-lining for the cacophony of cars and gathering officers.

Chapter 2: See?

Chapter Summary

> Will has changed, and is now brandishing new eyes that see further than the surface, and far further than his empathy was able to dig. When the Heavens rejected him, what was it that the Father of Hell needed him of all to finish? What deals were made, what words were exchanged? And how on the undead Earth did he see the Devil's Cord in the lining of Hannibal's skin-tight person-sui

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

They watched Will leave, a slight limp in his stride. Jack had watched his coworker's eyes, seeing how they paused on the confused psychiatrist, deciding to play on it. The disturbing words and the even more disturbing scene shook him, and he needed a way to diffuse it. To understand. He walked to the back of the ambulance, grabbing a small first-aid sewing kit, throwing Hannibal a look.

"Go make sure he isn't about to do something stupid, and if you can," Jack held up the kit to Hannibal, who took it with a tensed jaw, "Try to sew him up."

Hannibal held the kit in his hands, a nervousness encasing him. Something about Will had changed, something he had no part in. His mind wandered around what the look could have meant, following the path Will had taken into the sea of vehicles and emotionally distraught LEOs. There, leaning into the car he originally drove in from the passenger's door, was Will.

He stopped not too far from where Will stood, hearing his annoyed grumbling about missing things he ought to have still. "What are you looking for?"

Will didn't miss a beat, "I could ask the same of you. You're looking for a lot more than me." The ghoul backed up out of the car, staring directly at the medical kit in his hands. His eyes followed up to look Hannibal in the face, though they quickly flicked away towards every other officer who stared at them. At him. "You're not the only one looking for more than me…"

"I am not trying to find you. I am trying to understand what you have become." His eyes didn't leave Will, "They are not ready to understand. I can take you away from them, drive you out of here, but," He held out the kit, "I need to sew you up first."

He peered back down at the kit, cautious. "You're lucky I somewhat trust you."

"That I am." Hannibal smiled, "My car is parked far in the back, by the road. We should be

out of sight of all the LEOs here." He gestured towards the way.

Begrudgingly, he grabbed his FBI jacket and closed the car door. He followed closely behind Hannibal, trying his hardest to avoid the eyes that followed him as well.

Hannibal placed the medical kit on the trunk of his car, Will moving beside him to lean on the middle of it. He tugged slightly at the cut open fabric of his ruined shirt, debating. He felt every wound itching, a wave of self consciousness washing over him. Truly, he didn't care how he looked, how the wounds allowed a view into his innards. He cared about the change he went through. What if it was visible? Hannibal was the only one he would allow to see it. What if the others saw it too?

His mind was brought back to the task at hand by a question, "Are you alright?"

"Just… distracted." Will shook his head. He moved to unbutton his shirt, his fingers stuttering around as random buttons fell off. An annoyed sigh left him as the broken shirt broke further, shuffling it off and letting it fall onto the trunk behind him.

His wounds were extensive. They looked awful with the shirt on, and without it was worse. Yellows, greens, purples, and blues painted splotches across his ribs, deep and sickly. The mawed skin rested atop broken bones, snapped open and fractured from relentless rage. Red scrapes, sharp and loud, from nails and cornered furniture littered his torso and arms, his own nails cracked and chipped. Skin and blood was piled up under his splintered nails, his fingertips raw.

The claw marks tore at the serrated edges of the large, deep slash that cut from the bottom of his sternum and down to the bottom of his abdomen. His organs were visible from the ripped open laceration, his innards nicked and chopped. His bone peered out from the deep, thin cut that dug into his upper arm. The gash that cut through his neck, partially decapitating him, slitting through his esophagus, was mostly untouched aside from the spread and splattered blood from his attempt to breathe again. To not die.

A deep, calming breath was in order. The extent of Will's wounds should have killed him twice over, but he knew the deal Will made. That breath was taken, followed by all the materials he would need to attempt to repair his friend. Scissors, thread, bandages, and cleaning supplies. Now, he had to work.

It was a grueling task, stitching Will back together. While his skin hadn't frayed too badly, it cracked and split across broken lines that had already been scratched into him. He placed

butterfly bandages on the largest parts of the smaller cuts, sealing them from breaking apart farther. Bandages held his ribs in place, gauze wrapped around the sewed up gashes along his arm and torso. His bleeding had slowed down, but it seemed that even with the open wounds, his body did not stop trying to replace the lost blood on its own.

He had gotten closer to Will as he worked, standing in between his legs, face close to his while he sewed his neck closed. If it scarred, he wanted it to be as small as a scar as possible. He already knew how self conscious Will was, and he didn't want to add to that any more with a reminder of this tragic event, especially with a similar scar wrapped around a part of their adoptive daughter's neck. Hannibal was unbearably close to him, making sure he didn't mess up. Will could feel his breath on his skin, could feel a certain, all too familiar desire alongside it.

Then it clicked.

"I know what you are, Hannibal." The air that formed his words fell through his neck and onto the ex-surgeon's hands, his voice a dangerously close whisper. " *I see you* ."

Steady hands stuttered, pausing in the midst of pulling a thread through his flesh. "What do you see?" His eyes flicked up to meet Will's, voice quiet to match.

The wound that followed the curvature of his neck became smaller with thick black surgical thread, their conversation growing in tandem.

"The Chesapeake Ripper. You consume, feeding on the flesh and blood of the unrighteous, the dirty, the *rude-* " He peered down at his nails as he spoke, investigating the broken nature of them, "-Your dinners are chalk full of human meat, feeding your victims to the same men and women who are trying to avenge them."

He had become more rigid as Will spoke, yet more curious all the same. "And how can you see that?"

"You reek of bloodlust and cannibalistic desire. The hunger is sickening when you can't give into it, it's all I can smell, and it's all over you. I must admit, though, you tailored your person suit well, Hannibal, with thread from the Devil, of course. Mine is in the process of being restitched with that same thread." He took a comfortable breath, feeling more of the air stay in his throat as Hannibal worked, "We share a hunger now. Give into it with me. Present

those pigs as masterpieces- expressing their becomings by your hand- *our* hands. We have one in our midst that deserves to be led to the slaughter. All I ask is that you let me create with you."

He pulled the end of the knot tight, snipping off the needle and excess wiring. He stepped back, placing the surgical thread and needle in the kit beside Will as he did so, viewing his work.
"Where shall we begin?"

Chapter End Notes

I HAVE ARISEN ONCE AGAIN!!! here is the last thing i wrote, and i am currently writing the 3rd part :3 i wanted to wait until i finished it to post them at the same time, but i have starved the likers of this fic for far too long LOL!! hope you enjoyed!!

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